

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile; What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts. Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Child? Those precious Moriuies, those strong knots of Loue, Without leaue-taking. I pray you, Let not my lealousies, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Saferies: you may be tightly iust, What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs, The Title, is asseard. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkest, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you: I thinke our Country sokes beneath the yoake, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, There would be hands vplifted in my right: And heere from gracious England haue I offer Of goodly thousands, But for all this, When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head, Or yceare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country, Shall haue more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer, By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd With my confinesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions Of horrid Hell; can come a Diuell more damn'd In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull, Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cisterne of my Lust, and my Desire All continent Impediments would ore-bear. That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth, Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take vpon you what is yours: you may Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke: We haue willing Dames enough; there cannot be That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King, I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Desire his Jewels, and this others House, And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice Rickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin The Sword of our laine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temperance, Stableness, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no relish of them, but abound In the diuision of each feuerall Crime, Acting in many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should Pour the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound All vniy on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake: I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable! With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When shalt thou see thy whollome dayes againe? Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction stands accus'd, And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Sainted King: the Queene that bore thee, Ofner vpon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'd euer day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe, Hast banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest, Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduffe, this Noble passion Childe of integrity, hath from my soule Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth, By many of these traines, hath sought to win me Into his power: and modest Wisdome pluckes me From ouer-credulous hast: but God about Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now I pue my selfe to thy Direction, and Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne, Scarfely haue coueted what was mine owne: As no time broke my Faith, would not betray The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly I thinke, and my poore Countries to command: Whither indeed, before they heere approach Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth: Now weel together, and the chance of goodnesse Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules That stay his Cure: their malady conuincies The great assay of Art. But at his touch, Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand, They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King, Which often since my heere remaine in England, I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye, The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes, Paton with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken To the succeeding Royalty he leaues The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue, He hath a heauenly giuft of Prophecie, And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now, Good God betimes remoue The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Country, Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing But who knows nothing, is once seene to smile: Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: A Moderne extasie: Th Is there scarce ask'd for v Expire before the Flow Dying, or ere they sicke

Macd. Oh Relation

Mal. What's the ne

Rosse. That of an hou

Each minute reemes a ne

Macd. How do's my

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha

Rosse. No, they were w

Macd. Be not a nigg

Rosse. When I came h

Which I haue heauily be

Of many worthy Fellow

Which was to my belie

For that I saw the Tyrant

Now is the time of helpe

Would create Soldiours

To doffe their dire distre

Mal. Be't their com

We are coming thither

Lent vs good Seyward, a

An older, and a better Sc

That Christendome giue

Rosse. Would I coul

This comfort with the li

That would be how'd o

Where hearing should n

Macd. What conce

The generall cause, or is

Due to some single brest

Rosse. No munde that

But in it shares some wo

Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. It be mine

Keepe it not from me, qu

Rosse. Let not your e

Which shall possesse the

That euer yet they heard

Macd. Humh: I gue

Rosse. Your Castle is

Sauagely slaughter'd: T

Were on the Quarry of

To adde the death of you

Mal. Mercifull Hea

What man, ne're pull yo

Giue sorrow words; the

Whispers the o're-frang

Macd. My Children

Ro. Wife, Children, S

Macd. And I must be

Rosse. I haue said,

Mal. Be comforted

Let's make vs Med'cines

To cure this deadly gree

Macd. He ha's no C

Did you say All? Oh He

What, All my pretty Ch

At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like

Macd. I shall do so: